

BY AUTHORITY

NOTICE.

All persons having bills for claims against the Territory of Hawaii to June 30, 1911, are hereby requested to present the same to the several departments or bureaus under which they were contracted on or before July 10, as the books of the Territory for the present biennial period will be closed at the Auditing Department about July 18 next.

All claims not presented as above will have to await payment until the next session of the Legislature in 1913.

J. H. FISHER,

Auditor, Territory of Hawaii.
Honolulu, June 15, 1911.

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Fish Pelorus Jack

WELLINGTON, March 21.—This afternoon, Mr. George Allport, Secretary for Marine, received a letter from Mr. G. Webber, a settler at the French Pass, in which he said that Messrs. Wells Bros., of D'Urville island, had found what they believed to be the carcass of Pelorus Jack. Mr. Webber, who has seen the famous fish many hundreds of times, was asked to identify the remains, and as a result, the opinion was expressed that in color, size, and shape they exactly correspond with what had been seen of the fish in the water. The length of the carcass is, they state, just one inch under 14ft. and the girth is between 2ft. and 10ft. "I should say," added Mr. Webber, "that he has been dead for a week or ten days. The carcass has been considerably bitten by sharks probably after death."

The Marine Department has sent instructions to take photographs of the fish and secure the skeleton till the Government steamer Hinemoa can call for it. The Department is also requesting masters of passing vessels to ascertain if Pelorus Jack is frequenting his usual haunts.

This day week Jack was seen by the passengers to Wellington on the steamer from Nelson.

The Report Contradicted.

NELSON, March 21.—The "Colonist" is in a position to contradict the report as to the death of Pelorus Jack. Mr. W. T. Bond, of Nelson, who returned home by the Patea today, states that he and others saw Jack, in the water on Monday night, and that he followed the Patea for miles. Mr. Bond has seen him many times, but he says he never saw him so frisky as he was on Monday night.

WELLINGTON, March 21.—It is stated by the officers of the Patea, which arrived in Wellington tonight, that "Pelorus Jack" was seen on Saturday afternoon as usual when the Patea was on her passage from Nelson to Picton, and on Monday night the lookout man on the Patea saw Jack accompanying the vessel from twenty past nine till ten minutes to ten. "Pelorus Jack" was also seen by some of the passengers. This afternoon "Pelorus Jack" was not seen by

anyone on the Patea, but this is not unusual, as Jack has frequently been absent during the past few months.

The Maori Legend.

To Mr. J. Cowan, of the Tourist Department, Kipa Hemi White, an old man of seventy, and the leading authority of the Sounds Maoris on their ancestral history and "whakapapa" (genealogical recitals, etc.), related recently the Maori legend of the famous fish. "A long time ago," he said "eleven generations, my ancestor Matua-Hautere first came to the shores of Hauere. He brought this pilot-fish of ours with him. Matua-Hautere was a descendant of Kupe, the great sailor from Hawaiki, who discovered these shores of Raukawa (Cook Strait). In his canoe came Matua-Hautere, from the Fish-of-Maui, the North Island, and with him escorting his canoe came Kalkai-a-maro. That was the first time the taniwha was seen in the waters of Hauere. The canoe crew paddled along and Kalkai-a-maro came plunging away sometimes ahead and sometimes abreast of the canoe bow, and in his rolling and diving he seemed to give the time for the paddles; that was how he came leading on the Rangitira in his great canoe. Swimming along ahead of Matua-Hautere's canoe, Kalkai-a-maro led the way up the winding sound of Hauere expecting to find a clear sea-passage through between the hills. He went on until he arrived at the very head of the Sound, near where Havelock town now stands. There he nosed out the lower part of the channel in which the Pelorus river now flows: the winding course of that river was caused by the struggle of my taniwha in his attempt to force a passage through the sea in the other side. The old man related other legends connected with doings of the fish-pilot, and continued: "From that day to this Kalkai-a-maro has been the guardian taniwha of our people, the Ngati-Kiwa, when they go out upon the sea. Although that fish preceded or piloted the canoes, sometimes the children and the women when they saw him were afraid, and cried because it was said he was a sea monster or taniwha, who swallowed human beings. Not

so. He was a good fish. When the white man's religion was brought to this country the fish disappeared for a time. The Maori tohungas used to repent Karakia to him, but the incantations of the white priests frightened him away. Then the Maori priests karakia'd that he might return to be a pilot as before for the canoes of the Maori chiefs. And in the course of after years, when fishing was carried on in the waters, this fish reappeared. When the European and Maori fishermen cleaned their fish, the remains were thrown into the sea and were carried by the tide to the place where Kalkai-a-maro dwelt. Then he came forth, attracted by the remains of the fish floating on the waters, and it was then that he began to follow the boats of the fishermen. Then after this there came the steamers, and the crews of those steamers threw meat over to feed him. This is why he first came out in search of passing steamers, a habit which he has continued up to the present time."

A statement which may throw some light on the identity of the large white fish reported to have been found by Messrs. Wells Bros., of D'Urville island, was made to a "Press" reporter by Captain Corby, of the coastal steamer Arapawa, which is at present in Lyttelton. About a fortnight ago, while on a visit to Pūpunga, which lies just inside Farewell Spit, Captain Corby saw a great shoal of blackfish which had been washed up on the beach near the township. There were at least 150 to 200 of the big fish, and many of them were still living, as they were covered at high water, but were unable to get off the sand. Among the great shoal of strande fish, which presented an extraordinary sight, was a large white fish. A few days later, a strong southerly gale and sea washed many of the fish, including the white one, off the beach. On his return trip to Pūpunga, when the Arapawa was steaming across Golden Bay, Captain Corby sighted several of the big fish, including the white one, and he expressed himself as being strongly of the opinion that the white fish reported from D'Urville Island, was the one which he passed at sea and which he thinks has been cast ashore on the island, and was not as first supposed the famous "Pelorus Jack."

Fine Job Printing at Star Office.

How Diaz Made His
Escape From The Capital

Just Before Dawn the Refugee President Reached his Train in an Automobile and was Whisked Away to Vera Cruz Where he Took Ship

MEXICO CITY, June 1.—Porfirio Diaz and his party left Mexico City before daybreak on the morning of Friday, May 26; his special train was composed of three sections. Ahead were an engine, a day coach, filled with soldiers, and Frederick Adam's private car. This section acted as pilot, and the men who rode in it were brave, indeed, for as an official said:

"They took their lives in their hands. They were constantly exposed to the danger of being dynamited or dashed into a ravine because of a damaged bridge, so that no mean honor belongs to the soldiers and civilians who piloted Diaz down the mountains to Vera Cruz."

Then came the engine, to which was attached the cars of G. N. Brown and John Body, S. Pearson & Sons' representatives in Mexico. These two cars held the ex-President and his family. Following these were another engine, a Pullman and day coach. In the former were the ex-President's servants and a few friends, not more than half a dozen; in the latter more soldiers.

From Saturday until Wednesday the General waited in Vera Cruz for his steamship.

It was certainly a triste setting for the last days in Mexico of the man who had been the absolute ruler of the republic since 1880, and the saddest thing of all was the manner in which the "Grand Old Man" had been forced to leave the capital and seek refuge in a city which had always been most bitter against him. The great city in the tableland for which he had done so much repudiated him, and the Gulf city, which had nourished feelings of hatred for him, at the end was the only one which gave him an ovation.

An Englishman who took a prominent part in the President's departure, returned to Mexico City this morning, and his narrative of the trip down the mountain is the first personal account of that historic journey.

"In the end, the manner of General Diaz's departure from the city was unexpected," he said. "We had been in a measure prepared to take him down the mountain for some days, the arrangement being for a journey on May 29 or 30, Sunday or Monday night. When his resignation had become an accomplished fact on Thursday afternoon, a hurried order was sent to the San Lazaro station to have the train in readiness to start any time after midnight. The soldiers were quietly mustered in and retired about nine o'clock to the cars provided for them."

"The engines, the three private cars, Pullman and day coaches attached to the three sections were in position early in the evening. Everything was managed secretly and only picked men employed in the making up of the train. Of course, none of us could sleep. The demonstrations of Wednesday and Thursday had warned us of a hostile feeling among the mob toward the ex-President, and we were all on the qui vive for what might happen."

"The night wore on. Two o'clock, three, had passed, and the General had not come. We dared not use the phone, and could only wait. The hours and minutes dragged along. The stars were hidden by the thick mist which usually envelops the city before dawn, and the tension was accentuated by the dreariness of our surroundings. Just as the suspense became almost unbearable a feeling of motion was in the air around us, and we knew that the long waiting was at an end. The muffled whirr of an automobile was heard. Then the lamps shone out through the mist and the dark blue limousine with the Mexican coat of arms on the panels drew up before the station, then another, a third, and still a fourth came out of the gray mist."

"Silently the General and his party alighted, and with little delay wended their way to the waiting room. About a dozen men who had been lounging in the room since midnight approached and embraced the ex-President. No well known Cientifico face was among them—just a few intimates who had come thus quietly to say good-bye to the man who had stood by them through thick and thin for so many years. There was none of the volubility characteristic of a Mexican farewell; every one seemed

awed by the solemnity of the occasion.

"In a few minutes everyone was on board. There was little baggage. At nine minutes after four on the morning of Friday, May 26, the pilot train glided noiselessly out of the yard."

"Without incident we reached Vera Cruz at four o'clock in the afternoon. 'We were fearful of a demonstration against him in Vera Cruz, as the people there have always been hostile to him.'

"Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday passed quietly. At six o'clock on Wednesday he called us into his room and told us that he intended going to the steamer in an open carriage."

"I have kept myself from the people too long. I am going to ride through the streets and they can see me and see that I am not afraid."

"When he finally started, he rode in a carriage belonging to one of his friends. The route to the Sanitary pier, where the steamer lay, was one long ovation. On the pier a double line of soldiers stood at present arms, and behind them the crowd surged and struggled to obtain a good view of Don Porfirio, and the air rang with 'Viva Porfirio Diaz!' When he descended from the carriage a number of young girls strewed the way with flowers, besides offering him many beautiful bouquets. As he stepped on the gangway of the boat, he turned, his arms filled with flowers, his eyes bright, his head erect, and gazed long and earnestly at the crowds around him, the houses of the town, the cloud-flecked sky, clouds just beginning to be tinged with glorious hues by the setting sun. He did not utter a word for the space of at least five minutes, and then, seemingly with an effort to pull himself together, he spoke:

"Citizens of Vera Cruz, I will never forget this reception. It is more notable for having been given at a time when all the country is against me. I am accorded a greater reception than a mere citizen is entitled to. Not even a President can be the recipient of a greater reception than this."

"And then he turned and slowly ascended the gangway. He called back to the crowds: 'I will return to die in Mexico.' The ship was soon lost in the darkness, the crowd quietly dispersed, and the curtain was rung down on the last act of the tragedy."

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It is while the shells are piled up in these great mountains that they are cleaned and freed from everything in the way of dirt and bits of adhering oyster eyes by the air, rain and sunshine. When the cleaning process is finished, they are loaded upon steam dredges and scows and then are towed out to the oyster beds and carefully spread over the bottom ready for the set, as the fixing of the spawn to their surface is called.

After they have served their purpose for one season's crop, they are taken up and brought back, to be again piled up and cleaned.—Strand.

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